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### **The Lost Traveller.**

From the Analectic Magazine.

IN passing through the Western Country a few years ago, I happened to stop at one of those little white villages that have sprung up as if by enchantment along the Genessee river. In those days it was the custom for people, whether strangers or not, to be put together in the same room without much ceremony, and I was shown into one already occupied by a single person. Had we been plain country people, we should soon have entered into conversation about the weather, the harvest, or, at all events, we could have talked politics; but we both had the misfortune to be pretty well dressed, and each, therefore, valued his breeding too much to make the first advances. However, we sometimes ventured to look at each other, though if our eyes happened to meet, a looker-on would have been not a little amused at the trepidation with which they were dropped, as if we had been detected in taking a most unwarrantable liberty. Yet I gathered from these stolen glances

that the stranger was a very tall, thin man, dressed in blue, and apparently about fifty. His face was as white as a sheet, and full of little seams, and his eyes, of very light blue, were placed so high in his forehead, that they reminded me of a pair of dormant windows in the roof of a four story house. Still his height, the length of his physiognomy, and his excessive paleness, made him altogether a very striking personage.

After carrying on this polite intercourse of fugitive glances for a quarter of an hour, or more, and properly substantiating our claims to good breeding, I ventured at last to remark the rapid progress of improvement in that part of the world, and the singular aspect which every thing around me exhibited: every object of art appeared to be the production of yesterday, and even the face of nature exhibited a freshness which seemed to indicate the healthful vigor of youth. The stranger slowly assented to this observation, and I expected the conversation would come to an untimely end. After a pause, however, he went on to say, that to

him who remembered the country a perfect wilderness, about twenty years ago, and who had been once very near perishing in the snow in crossing it, the change which it exhibited seemed more like magic than the natural consequence of industry and enterprize. An opening being thus happily achieved, we conversed comfortably the rest of the evening till supper. After this most social meal I drew from the stranger the particulars of his adventure in the snow, which he gave as follows, in a careless, dry sort of way, without seeming to think himself the hero of the story.

"About seventeen years ago I was returning from New-York to Canada, where I then lived, by the way of Lake Ontario, but on reaching the lake I found that all the vessels were laid up for the season. My only alternative was either to return, or take the route through what was then called the Tonewanta swamp. This was a forest of one hundred miles, with only a single habitation, a hut about twenty miles from the Genessee river. There was then a sort of Indian road through the swamp, which in summer a man might explore on horseback, but which, when covered with snow, none but an Indian or a backwoodsman could find out.... My companion (for I had a friend with me) and I, pursuing this route, arrived in the evening at a small village on the bank of the Genessee river, a little beyond which the Tonewanta commenced. Here we made our arrangements. We hired a horse to carry our saddle-bags, and which we were to take turns to ride. But the horse requiring to be shod, which would take some time, I was to go on early in the morning on

foot, about fifteen miles, to the hut which I mentioned, and there wait for my friend, who was to bring the horse and our baggage.

"Accordingly, early in the morning I sat out in company with a little stout Dutchman, son to the owner of the habitation in the forest. It was a bitter cold day, the 15th of December, and the snow lay on the ground about six inches deep; yet we went on briskly for some time, guided by the marks of the trees, till we had walked about fifteen miles, when, some how or other, we deviated into an Indian track, which we followed for a considerable distance. But every now and then a track diverged from the principal path, in different directions, until at last only a single solitary footstep remained. It was then we discovered that we had lost our way, and attempted to find it again by striking across in what we supposed to be the direct line, instead of returning by the path we came. Here we made another blunder, and took a southerly, when, as it afterwards appeared, we ought to have taken a northerly direction. In this perplexity we wandered about in the depths of the forest, without compass, food, landmark, and almost without hope, until near sun-set. Sometimes we fancied we heard the barking of a friendly dog; sometimes the long echoes of the fowler's gun, and once we thought we had hit upon a path that would lead us either to the village or the hut in the forest; but the barking was that of the wolf, and the path turned out to be a track of our own, to which, in our wanderings, we had returned again.

"It was now almost sun-set, and high time to set about preparing to

weather out the night that was before us. On looking about for this purpose we came to a spot where a large hemlock had been blown up by the roots, to which a quantity of earth adhered. This we found would prove no bad protection in that quarter. The snow had drifted against the windward side of the trunk of the hemlock, and as is usual, left a vacant space to the leeward. Here we formed a bed of the branches of the tree piled one on the other. By the time we had finished our work it was growing dark, and so intensely cold that I was certain if we went to sleep without first lighting a fire, we should never wake again.—But how to procure a fire was the next question, for neither of us possessed the usual implements. I had, however, a large jack knife and a flint, but no tinder; our box being left in the saddle-bags. We had almost made up our minds to lay down and die, when a thought struck me, and revived my hopes a little. The night before I had accidentally wet my handkerchief, which I had hung up in the chimney corner. As it gradually became dry, a part of it caught fire, and to extinguish it, I had rolled it up very tight, and put it into my pocket, where it remained untouched. To this I looked as a last resource, and carefully opening it, found that the edges which had been burnt, retained a small portion of tinder, but so small as to make it very doubtful whether it would answer my purpose. It was neck or nothing however, and so I was determined to try. In order to be prepared in the event of getting fire, we first cleared a place, and then gathered a large quantity of dry leaves from under the snow. On

these we laid dry sticks and brush till the pile was as high as my head. Then came on the trial for life or death.—Carefully rolling up the handkerchief so that all the burnt edges were brought together, I essayed to communicate fire to the mass. This was the most arduous, the most anxious moment I ever knew. Every spark that was struck out in vain, seemed to be the last spark of life, and as they died away, my heart died away with them. The little Dutchman watched my fruitless attempts with breathless anxiety, for more than half an hour.—Three times the tinder took, and as often went out again, either from dampness, or from my eagerness to blow it into a flame. Every time it expired, the darkness of death seemed to come over us, and I was often tempted to resign myself to my fate without further struggle. But where there is only one chance for life, a man will not easily give it up. I tried it again and again, till at last the handkerchief was in a blaze, and the next moment our pile was lighted.

Those who have felt the most horrible of all anticipations, that of freezing to death, can enter into my feelings, when I saw the forest redden all around us, and looked forward to the pleasing certainty of yet living to tell the story of our escape to my wife and children, at my own fireside. With much labour we gathered a quantity of wood sufficient to last through the night. I was aware, however, that if we both fell asleep in our fatigued and perspiring state, our fire would go out, and we should be frozen before morning, and accordingly told my little Dutchman that we would take turns, and sleep an



hour at a time alternately—that I would take the first nap, during which, as he valued his life, he was to watch the fire, and see that it did not get too low. He gave me his promise, and in three minutes I was fast asleep. How long I slept, I know not, but when I revived to sensation, I was entirely without the use of my limbs. The little Dutchman was stiff, asleep at my side; the fire was just out, and I could not raise myself, or move hand or foot. A dreadful apprehension came across me, and the sudden impulse which it gave the pulsation of my heart, I believe, saved my life. By degrees I could move my hands, then my feet, and at last managed to crawl to the fire, which I raked together, and replenished. I then set about reviving my companion. The poor little fellow was more than half way to the other world, and had I slept half an hour longer, neither of us would have ever opened our eyes again. With a great deal of difficulty, I brought his blood to circulate briskly, and just then the sun rose. That benevolent friend to the lost traveller, now offered himself as our guide, and enabled us to shape our course to the Genessee river, whose bank we struck within half a mile of the village we had left twenty-eight hours before. The people had given us up for lost. My friend had gone on to the hut in the forest, but finding that we had not been there, he returned and alarmed the village. The villagers, as is the custom, went out in different directions, hallooing, blowing horns, and firing guns, but nobody believed we had survived the bitterness of the night, which was one of the coldest they had ever known, and our return was hailed as little less than a resurrection from the dead."

#### THE BRIEF REMARKER.

"Consult thy pillow."—This short counsel contains "more than meets the eye." The pillow is the close friend of meditation, of serious thoughtfulness, and of the freedom of conscience—in so far as it gives that faithful inmate the best of opportunities for administering wholesome reproof.

*The day is Thine; the night also is thine*:—and with the like graciousness are they both given, the one for labour, and the other for rest—nor yet for rest merely, but, withall, for a sober survey of past life, and more particularly of the day that last fleeth. The mantle of darkness, which hides exterior objects, turns the busy mind upon itself, willingly or unwillingly, according to its moral frame and habits.

Human greatness, that lords it by day, is not at all exempt from stern admonishment on the pillow. *There*, no longer able to show off splendor and prowess, its pride is not flattered nor its feelings spared. Ahasuerus, for example, the richest, the most splendid, and the most puissant of all the monarchs of the East—reigning from India even unto Ethiopia, over a hundred and seven and twenty provinces; this Ahasuerus laid him down upon his bed of gold, in a spacious room supported by pillars of marble, and adorned with white, green, and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen, and purple to silver rings. Thus he laid him down, amid unrivalled profusion of eastern magnificence; but on that night, could not the king sleep. The world else was asleep.—The man servant and the maid servant, the meanest of slaves, the veriest wretches in the whole realm, were fast asleep:—and could not the lord and

master of them all, the monarch in the palace of Shushan—could not *he* woo slumbers to his eyelids? Alas, no! It turned, however, to good. Of necessity, rather than choice, the luxurious and effeminate despot, to relieve him from sore restlessness, bethought himself of improving the wearisome vigils of the night in looking into the affairs of his government. He called for the reading of the book of the records of the chronicles; and finding that an upright and excellent servant, to whom he owed his life, had been utterly neglected, he ordered him a bounteous reward: a righteous deed, which never, in any probability, would he have done, had he not *consulted his pillow*.

It is upon the pillow, that *the book of records of the chronicles* is most frequently set before the eyes of those mortals, who sadly mis-spend their time, and abuse the high privileges of their nature. Conscience presents the *hand-writing*, and there is no such thing as turning away their eyes from it. In vain they turn and toss themselves on this side and on that side, longing for sleep; *the records of the chronicles* are still fully in their view—and they are fain to make vows and solemn promises, too often unheeded on the morrow.

Projects of too great hazard—plans of a questionable nature and doubtful issue—resolutions taken up of a sudden, and without being duly weighed; these, engendered by the fever of the day, are abandoned, or rectified, upon coolly consulting the pillow; inasmuch that many a one has risen up in the morning with more reasonable sentiments and views respecting his personal affairs, than those with which he

had *lien* down. And many a one, also, by consulting the pillow, has cooled hot resentments, and abandoned purposes of revenge.

In consulting the pillow, one thing especially is to be ever kept in practical remembrance; and that is, to offer up the silent adorations of the heart, both at the instant of falling asleep, and at the moment of awaking.—“*I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou Lord only makest me to dwell in safety.—I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me.*”

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#### NATURAL CURIOSITIES

The Author of the following is Elder E. Smith.

“**BEING** at Aurelius, N. York, on the 17th of September, 1810, I was requested to preach in a large hollow tree, in the town of Mentz, in the same state. After assembling in the tree and singing a psalm, in the tune America, I addressed the throne of grace, and delivered a discourse from Luke ii, 12. There were present in the tree, nineteen men, twelve women, and four boys, from twelve to fifteen years of age, (thirty-five in all;) and it was conjectured it would have held fifteen more. Two women and nineteen men stood in a circle around the inside of the tree, which measured on the out-side, three feet from the ground, thirty-three feet in circumference. The top of the tree was broken off about nineteen feet high, and it was hollow to the top. The tree, though a mere shell, was green, its wood only four inches thick, was perfectly sound, excepting the door which had been

cut out. On the body of this extraordinary tree, there were several small green limbs, and one large one near the top.

"On the same day, I examined an uncommon salt-well in the town of Montezuma, N. York. It was dug more than ninety feet without finding water—a few feet farther a rocky substance was discovered, supposed to be salt. This was bored, and water as salt as smart brine, burst through and filled the well. From the top of the curb to the bottom of the well it measured 101 feet—the water ran over the top of the curb, and the owner told me it made three times as much salt from a gallon as the neighboring salt water."

*Con. Courant.*

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#### THE DISAPPOINTED BRIDE.

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At an age when the heart is open to every impression, and forms with the same facility engagements and connections, which in a man of riper years would be the fruit of esteem and observation, St. A—— was travelling from his native province to explore the wonders of the metropolis, which he had as yet beheld only with the eyes of hope. In the coach which was to convey him to Paris, he found a young man of prepossessing appearance; a conversation soon began that terminated in protestations of friendship, warmly reiterated on both sides. Mutual confidence flowed from their lips, and all the secrets of their youth were revealed. It was then that St. A—— learned that his new friend was sent to Paris to marry a young lady whom he

had never seen, but whom his father and family had chosen for his bride, with the consent of her relations.— The journey finished without any accident, and they arrived in the morning at Paris, where they took lodging in a public hotel. Scarcely had they taken possession of their apartment, when the young man was seized with a bilious cholic, which in less than 2 hours deprived him of his existence. Affected at the melancholy fate of his youthful acquaintance, St. A—— whose tender attentions had not been able to save him, thought it his duty to inform the father of the intended bride of the overthrow of his expectations: and taking with him the letters and the port-folio of his friend, repaired to the house of that gentleman.

The servant who opened the door, conscious that his master expected his son-in-law, announced St. A—— as such, without enquiring who he was. The father, without giving him time to explain himself, embraced him with eagerness, and presented him to his wife as her son, and to his daughter as her husband.

St. A—— naturally gay and volatile, could not resist the temptation of deceiving the family a little longer, and played his part extremely well. He gave the letters, and being perfectly acquainted with the secrets of and affairs of his friend, returned the most satisfactory answers to their questions. He succeeded especially in captivating the attention of the young lady, who with side-long glances, admired the features and fine shape with which nature had blessed her lover. Dinner was announced, and St. A—— was placed by the side of his destined bride;



and the whole family yielded up their hearts to joy and satisfaction. The young lady spoke little, answered with diffidence, and often blushed, while St. A—— was polite and ardent in his attention towards her; and though the expression of his face was naturally serious, his conversation was pleasing and cheerful.

After dinner the father entered into all the details necessary to settle the marriage, when suddenly, St. A—— rose and taking his hat, seemed anxious to retire. "Are you going to leave us," exclaimed the father—"Yes," answered St. A——; "important business compels me to leave you." "What business can you have in a city where you are a stranger?—Perhaps you wish to draw money from a banker; my purse is at your service; and if you will absolutely have recourse to a banker, I may send somebody who will transact the business for you." "No, no," said St. A——, "you are mistaken, it is a business which I alone can transact." While they were speaking, St. A—— continued to walk towards the door, and they were soon in the hall. "Now we are alone," said St. A——, "and the ladies cannot hear us, I will tell you that this morning, a few minutes after my arrival, an accident happened to me, I was attacked with the bilious cholic and died. I promised to be buried at 6 o'clock, and you will easily conceive that I must attend the place of rendezvous; for, not being known in this part of the world, it would wake suspicions of inattention to business that would prove prejudicial to my character."

The father listened to him with astonishment, but taking the whole for

a joke, returned to the ladies bursting with laughter, and related the cause of his son-in-law's hurried departure.—While they were conversing upon the subject, 6 o'clock arrived—it was soon 7, and the family was alarmed at not seeing St. A——. Half an hour after, the father sent to the hotel to enquire. The servant entrusted with his commission, asked for him under his real name, and received for answer, that he had arrived there at 9 in the morning, had died at 11, and was buried at 6. It would be difficult to express the surprise of the whole family at receiving this information; and as St. A—— left his lodgings and never visited them again, a general belief was spread around, that it was a *ghost*, that spent the day with Mr. N—— in social enjoyment and conversation.

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#### THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

The Republic of Letters is of an ancient date. It appears by the pillars Josephus has noticed, on which were engraven the principles of the sciences, that this republic existed before the Deluge; at least, it cannot be denied that, soon after this great catastrophe, the sciences flourished.

Never was a republic greater, better peopled, more free, or more glorious: it is spread on the face of the earth, and is composed of persons of every nation, of every rank, of every age, and of both sexes. They are intimately acquainted with every language, the dead as well as the living. To the cultivation of letters they join that of the arts; and the mechanics are also permitted to occupy a place. But their religion cannot boast of uniformi-

ty; and their manners, like those of every other republic, form a mixture of good and evil: they are sometimes enthusiastically pious, and sometimes insanely impious.

The politics of this state consist rather in words, in vague maxims and ingenious reflections, than in actions or their effects. This people owe all their strength to the brilliancy of their eloquence, and the solidity of their arguments. Their trade is perfectly intellectual, and their riches very moderate; they live in one continued strife for glory and for immortality.— Their dress is by no means splendid; yet they affect to despise those who labour through the impulse of avarice or necessity.

They are divided into many sects, and they seem to multiply every day. The state is shared between the Philosophers, the Physicians, the Divines, the Lawyers, the Historians, the Mathematicians, the Orators, the Grammarians, and the Poets, who have each their respective laws.

Justice is administered by the Critics, frequently with more severity than justice. The people groan under the tyranny of these governors, particularly when they are capricious and visionary. They rescind, they erase, or add, at their will and pleasure, much in the manner of the Grand Monarque—*Car tel est notre plaisir*; and no author can answer for his fate, when once he is fairly in their hands. Some of these are so unfortunate, that, through the cruelty of the treatment they receive, they lose not only their temper, but their sense and wits.

Shame is the great castigation of the guilty; and to lose one's reputation

among this people, is to lose one's life. There exist, however, but too many impudent swindlers, who prey upon the property of others; and many a vile spunger, who snatches the bread from the hands of men of merit.

The public are the distributors of glory; but too often, the distribution is made with blindness, or undiscerning precipitation. It is this which causes loud complaints, and excites such murmurs throughout the republic.

The predominating vices of this state are, presumption, vanity, pride, jealousy, and calumny. There is also a distemper peculiar to the inhabitants, which is denominated *hunger*, and which occasions frequent desolations throughout the country.

This republic too, has the misfortune to be infected with numerous Plagiarists; a species of banditti who rifle the passengers. The corruptors of books, and the forgers, are not less formidable; nor do there want impostors, who form rhapsodies, and bestow pompous titles on unimportant trifles, who levy heavy contributions on the public.

There are also found an infinite number of illustrious Idlers and Voluptuaries; who, only seeking for those volumes that afford amusement, draw all their subsistence from the state, without contributing any thing either to its advantage or its glory. There also Misanthropes, born with an hatred of men; Pedants, who are the terror of school-boys, and the enemies of urbanity and amiable manners.

I will not notice the licentious Geniuses of the republic, who are in an eternal hostility of sentiments, and a



warfare of disputes; nor those fastidious minds, who are too delicate not to be offended every moment; nor those Visionaries, who load their imagination with crude and false systems.

All these may be supposed to exist in a republic so vast as that of Letters, where it is permitted to every one to reside, and to live according to his own inclinations.

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#### ESSAY ON BEAUTY.

THOSE who adore or condemn beauty, ascribe too much or too little to the image of the Divine Maker. It is undoubtedly a gift, next to reason, the rarest which heaven has afforded to mortals. Plato calls it "A human splendor, lovely in its own nature, and which hath the force to ravish the spirit with the eyes."

The judgment which we frame and collect to ourselves of the beauty of the spirit, because it is lodged in a handsome body, is not amiss; and if it happen contrary to our expectation, we then say, nature hath told a lye in such a person, the beauty of her soul being not answerable to that of her body. Beauty claims respect wherever there be eyes or reason, nor hath it any enemies but the blind and insensible.

If the beautiful sometimes yield, it reflects not on the strength and power of their beauty, but on the weakness and depravity of their spirit. A place is not the less impregnable, because he makes a surrender of it who ought to have defended it. The fault is in the commander, and not in the citadel.

Some there are, who led away by a

false kind of philosophy, make it a scruple to praise beauty, because it so soon passes away. It is a flower they say, which fades as soon as it is blown; a flower which the wind shakes, the sun scorches, and the frost nips; a flower that is so delicate and tender, that without touching, or having any enemies, in a moment it finds its ruin in its own fragility.

Nevertheless, it is worthy of observation, that Cato held beauty in so high an estimation, that he was heard publicly to say, "It is not less a crime to offend beauty, than to rob a temple."

The charms of women are neither to be sought by artifice, nor possessed by vanity. Nature affords them on purpose to please the eye, and to raise the mind towards him who is the fountain of all perfection. Counterfeit beauties fall off shamefully in the sight of all men; like those stars, which after they have deceived our eyes for a while, by their vanishing convince us they are vapours.

Galen makes mention of Phryne, who, whenever she appeared, eclipsed the lustre of all the ladies of the assembly, and filled them with shame and envy: at last they invented a sport amongst themselves, for every one to bear the command over the rest in turn. When it came to the lot of Phryne to command, she informed them she would lay but an easy charge upon them, which was nothing more than for every one to wash their face and hands. The consequence of this experiment was, that hardly one among them was to be known by their former countenances.

I rather make mention of the above beauty, because it was through her

those famous judges called the Areopagites, lost the fame and reputation of "*Judges not to be corrupted*;" because, not believing her to be innocent, yet nevertheless, when they beheld her, they could not adjudge her to be faulty. Hyperides, the orator, pleaded in vain against her; for as soon as she made her appearance, her presence served as her defence, and she needed only to be seen to vindicate herself.

The beautiful ever gain their suit; and if justice ever opens her eyes to behold them, how poorly soever it is pleaded, their cause cannot go ill.

#### VARIETY.

##### JESTING.

A Jest may tickle many; but it hurts only one, and the resentment that follows it may do you more injury than the reputation service.

##### SAVING.

Let a man once begin to save, and he will soon be convinced that it is the straight road to wealth.

##### INDUSTRY.

The way to enlarge our ability, is to double our industry; for, by many repeated efforts, we may compass in the end, what, in the beginning, we despaired of.

##### PLEASURE.

The most exquisite, as well as the most innocent of all enjoyments, are such as cost us least; reading, fresh air, good weather, fine landscapes, and the beauties of nature.

Strong liquors are good at some times, and in small proportions: being better for physic than food; for cordials, than common use.

#### WASHINGTON.

He temper'd the energies of Roman Virtue with the forbearance of the Christian spirit; and remains to posterity an illustrious example; the theme of praise and mortal admiration.

#### A FRENCHMAN'S OATH, OR, LOYALTY IN PERFECTION.

Before he left Paris, *Ney* swore to his king, That, living or dead, he *Napoleon* would bring;  
So, to prove both his word and his loyalty pure,  
He brought him—*alive*; crying, "*vive l'empereur*!"

#### NEW MODE OF CURING A SCOLD.

It is recorded of a gentleman, who was troubled with that worst of all plagues, a scolding wife, that his method of curing her was, to take his fiddle and play her a tune, without opening his lips, whilst she was bursting with vexation. Her violence, augmented by his tranquillity, at length brought her to her death bed. When near expiring, "I think," said she, "I could recover yet, if the fellow would but answer me." This remedy, however, we may readily believe, he was not inclined to administer.

Henry IV of France, being informed that an edict which he had issued for the prohibition of luxury, was not enforced, published an explanatory proclamation which run thus: "Our order in prohibiting articles of luxury, and particularly the use of lace and embroidery, only extends to the honest part of the community; for, as *neither rogues nor women of bad character* are worthy of our notice, they have our free permission, either to obey or reject the edict as they chuse." This had the desired effect: every taylor and mantua-maker being immediately set to work, to make such dresses as the edict ordered to be worn.

## DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

Love is like the d—l, because it torments ; like heaven, because it wraps the soul in bliss ; like salt, because it is relishing ; like pepper, because it often sets on fire ; like sugar, because it is sweet ; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man ; like a prisoner, because it makes a man miserable ;—like wine, because it makes us happy ; like a man, because he is here to-day, and gone to-morrow ; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of her ; like a ship, because it guides one to the wished for port ; like a Will o'th' Whisp, because it often leads one into a bog ; like a fierce courser, because it often runs away with one ; like a poney, because it ambles nicely with one ; like the bite of a mad dog or like the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man mad ; like a goose, because it is silly ; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it. In a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like every thing and like nothing ; often talked about, but never seen, touched nor understood.

## A MOTTO FOR THE AMERICAN LADIES.

The Salem Gazette, observing that after the famous battle of Trafalgar, the English ladies in compliment to the immortal Nelson, adopted as a motto for their garters, the celebrated words of the hero, on that occasion, "*England expects every man to do his duty*," very happily proposes that the American ladies should pay a similar compliment to the memory of the gallant Lawrence, by wearing, in like manner, as a motto on their garters, his last words, "*Don't give up the Ship*." An equally pertinent device ! a fortunate suggestion ! but rather odd ; quite odd.

*Evening Post.*

## SCANDAL.

The late George Colman being once told, that a man whose character was not very immaculate, had grossly abus-

ed him, pointedly remarked, that "the scandal and ill report of some persons that might be mentioned, was like fuller's earth, it daubs your coat a little for a time, but when it is rubbed off your coat is so much the cleaner."

This pleasing season of the year may be deemed a fit theme for meditation. It must animate the dullest soul, and rouse into action minds that are not wholly destitute of sensibility

## NEW-YORK.

The following Resolution passed the Common Council of this city on Monday the 6th inst.

"The Corporation of the city of New-York in common with their fellow citizens, experience a most lively gratification in noticing another heroic achievement of our gallant Navy. The late decisive victory obtained by Capt. Charles Stewart, in the United States frigate the Constitution, is, for judgment and style in manœuvring unrivalled, and when the superiority of the enemy in weight and number of guns, together with the difficulty of contending with a divided and active force is considered it ought to be classed among the most brilliant feats recorded in Naval History. The capturing under circumstances so disadvantageous as detailed in his modest official letter, two such vessels as the Cyane and Levant, in the short period of forty minutes, evinces such precision in gunnery and skill in seamanship, as raises the character of the American tar to a proud elevation. In testimony, therefore, of the high sense the Common Council entertains of the gallantry and nautical skill displayed by Captain Charles Stewart, in the capture of his Britannic Majesty's two ships the Cyane and Levant—

Resolved, that the Freedom of the city be presented to him in a golden box, and that the thanks of the Corporation be presented to the officers and crew of the Constitution for the brave manner in which they engaged, fought and conquered on that occasion.



## Seat of the Muses.

Selected for the New-York Weekly Museum.

### MY MOTHER'S GREEN GRAVE.

Written on the fourth anniversary of her decease.

ONCE more the loud tempest at distance reposes,

Since Winter has fled to its snow-cover'd cave ;

And light-footed May weaves her garland of roses,

To strew o'er the turf of my mother's green grave.

How soft is the sigh that awakes retrospection,

To linger awhile on the days that are past !

Yet deeper the pang of renew'd recollection,

That youth's blooming tints were too lovely to last !

For the heart there exulting, thought not of to-morrow,

Nor mark'd the thick clouds that frown'd dark o'er the wave ;

Nor the bright laughing eye shed the dew-drop of sorrow,

That now would fain hallow a mother's green grave.

But life's rapid tide with its wide swelling anguish,

Has ingulph'd the sweet prospects that smil'd from afar :

And left their lone victim deserted, to languish,

A prey to vain hopes, disappointment and care.

Yet though deep in misfortune's dark mazes benighted,

The pilgrim of passion—of error the slave,

In the midst of its tumults the heart is delighted,

To breathe its sad sighs o'er a mother's green grave.

Now no more by my childhood's fond guardian attended,

Who has watch'd my light steps when they wander'd astray,

I seek the low mound where her form has descended,

With the "clod of the valley" to moulder away.

Ah ! this mansion of solitude silent and dreary  
Is an aim for the poor, a reward for the brave,

For the wand'rer an haven, a rest for the weary,

But more sacred than these—'tis my mother's green grave.

Long beside this lov'd spot, the first blossoms shall flourish,

That look forth from their tomb at the summons of spring,

And the tears of affection their fragrance shall nourish,

And the Dove hover round on her dew-moistened wing.

Soon alas ! shall I too, press the same humble pillow,

No longer exposed on time's turbulent wave ;

From my labours reclining beneath the same willow,

Whose branches droop low on my mother's green grave.

Ah ! then shall I meet her long lost benediction,

And those verdant retreats her fond presence restore,

Where Death will invade the sad couch of affliction,

And banish his dart o'er the wretched—  
No more !

*Bost. Evn. Gaz.*

### ABAN AND COMRI, OR, THE HAPPY MAN.

ABAN.

NEIGHBOUR Comri, the world is unhappy  
you know,

All bustle, all hurry, confusion and strife ;

Scarce a face but retains the sad vestige of  
 woe,  
 Scarce a heart but has felt the keen sorrows  
 of life.

Neighbour Comri, how comes it, when win-  
 ter storms blow,  
 Or fortune relentless is frowning away,  
 That your spirits as smoothly, as calmly can  
 flow,  
 As the waves of the lake on a still summer  
 day?

COMRI.

Our maker in wisdom has founded his plan,  
 The systems and seasons all roll without jar,  
 So I think poor short-sighted and ignorant  
 man,  
 May as well be contented and smoke his  
 segar.

When the storms of mid-winter sweeps over  
 the plain,  
 And the cold chilling blast is heard roaring  
 afar,  
 I think man for mild summer must then rage  
 in vain,  
 So I fodder my cattle and smoke my segar.

And when disappointment invests me around,  
 And the portion assigned me is labour and  
 care,  
 I remember misfortunes in life must abound,  
 And sit down in my corner and smoke my  
 segar.

When my neighbours find plenty and peace  
 in their toils,  
 Or malignantly join in vociferous war,  
 I envy them not, nor take part in their broils,  
 But sit down in my corner and smoke my  
 segar.

If malice and envy report me abroad,  
 Or to frown on my bounty ingratitude dare,  
 As a friend never failing, I look to my God,  
 And sit down in my corner and smoke my  
 segar.

*Ind. Repub.*

#### THE RURAL WALK.

This sweet lovely morning is clear and se-  
 rene,  
 The innocent lambs are at play ;

The birds in sweet notes, as I pass o'er the  
 green,  
 Delightfully sing on each spray.

The scenes that are round me profusely are  
 deck'd,  
 The fields in rich verdure appear,  
 May providence kind all his creatures pro-  
 tect,  
 And send them a plentiful year.

Those oxen so lusty, those corn fields so  
 green,

Those sheep that o'erspread the wide  
 plains,

Proclaim the kind hand of a Being unseen,  
 Who splendid in majesty reigns.

Great Shepherd ! do thou in great bounty,  
 bestow,

Thy favours abundant and free ;  
 And grant that mankind universal may know  
 That peace which comes only from thee.

#### A VERY PALATABLE RECEIPT TO SOFTEN A FEMALE HEART.

TAKE a youth that's genteel, tis no matter  
 for face,

And season him well with an air and a grace,  
 One grain of sincerity you may bestow,  
 But enough of assurance fail not to allow ;  
 With flatteries, sighs, assiduities, tears,  
 Insignificant smiles, and significant leers ;  
 With passion and rapture to give it a zest,  
 And impudence sprinkled according to taste ;  
 With pieces of songs too, and scraps of old  
 plays,

And fustian and frolics, and whimsical ways ;  
 All mix'd well together with care and design  
 And drest with great nicety, garnished out  
 fine ;

This medicine warm as the patient can bear,  
 When taken each day, will soon soften the  
 fair ;

Sometimes a few days efficacious will prove,  
 Sometimes a few weeks ere the flint will  
 remove ;

But seldom an instance can any produce,  
 When this golden prescription will fail of its  
 use ;

Yet though often successful, 'twill ne'er  
 reach that heart,

Which, harden'd by virtue, will baffle all art.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1815.

## Intelligence.

Since our last, London dates to the 30th of April, have been received, at which time, it appears, hostilities had not commenced.

The "Treaty of Alliance, Offensive and Defensive," between Russia, Austria, Prussia, and G. Britain, dated 25th March, was ratified at London the 23d of April. In this the High contracting parties agree to support France and every other threatened country, against the attempts of Bonaparte and his adherents. Every one of the parties engage constantly to have in the field 150,000 men, &c. and that they will not lay down their arms till all the objects contemplated by the treaties of Paris and Vienna, are attained, nor until Bonaparte shall be wholly and completely deprived of the power of exciting disturbances, and of being able to attempt to obtain the chief power in France.

The troops of the Allies, which were marching against France, were to be on the Rhine about the end of April.

A Russian paper states, that the Allied forces when organized, will exceed one million of soldiers.

Napoleon, on the other side, by accounts from France, to May 1, was also collecting an immense force (400,000 men) to oppose them.

The king of Prussia issued his proclamation at Vienna, on the 2d of April, declaring War against Napoleonic Bonaparte and his adherents.

The assumption of the title of King of the Netherlands, Grand Duke of Luxemburg, &c. by the ci-devant Stadtholder of Holland, has been officially notified to the Prince Regent of England, by Baron Fagel, a member of the *Corps des Nobles*.

Lord Wellington with Marshal Blücher, it is said is to arrange the grand military operations between the Moselle and the North Sea.

By an act of the King of the Netherlands, an incorporated company is to be formed for the trade to China, under the title of the Incorporated Company for the tea trade to China. Its charter is for twenty-five years. All importations of tea from foreign countries and in foreign vessels, is prohibited after the company shall have been formed, which is to take place as soon as the capital of eight millions of guilders are subscribed by individuals, residents in the kingdom. No vessels can be employed in this trade, unless they are Dutch built.

The Swedish ship *Maria Christiana*, Dircks, has arrived at this port in 43 days from Plymouth, with 260 American prisoners. Eight or 10 cartels were on the eve of sailing, mostly for Norfolk. Among the prisoners on board this ship, is Mr. Charles Andrews of this state, who has furnished the editors with a journal of particulars relative to the prisoners at Dartmoor prison, which he intends to publish in a pamphlet. It appears from this statement, that the unfortunate affair of the 6th of April, was owing to an unpardonable degree of wantonness on the part of the keeper of the prison. An enquiry respecting this affair was making at Plymouth, when the above cartel sailed, at the head of which was our Consul, Mr. Beasley. The following persons were killed:—James Campbell, Wm. Leverage, and Thos. Jackson, of N. Y.; John Haywood, of Virginia; John Washington, of Maryland; Joseph Johnson, of Connecticut; and Jabez Mann, of Boston.—Amputated—John Gray, of Virginia, of left arm: James Willis, of Marblehead, do.; James Trumbull, of Portland, do.; Thomas Smith, of N. York, left thigh; John Guyer, of Boston, do.; and Wm. Loverage, of N. York, right thumb, and 50 wounded.

N. Y. Gaz.



By the brig *Mary*, from St. Croix, arrived at this port, it is said, that a Spanish 74, with 500 people on board, and 800,000 dollars, was accidentally blown up at the Island of Margareta.

A letter from New-Orleans, dated the 13th ult. states the following: "we are at this moment in the utmost alarm in consequence of the height of the river. A small wind would be sufficient to break the levee in almost any place, and inundate our streets. Above and below the city, the levee has given way in several places, and it is said the fine cotton lands of Concordia are all under water."

#### STEAM BOAT BURNT.

With regret, for the loss of the owners, and the community at large, we inform our readers that at the wharf in Burlington, N. J. the beautiful Steam Boat that plied daily between this city and Burlington, commanded and owned principally by capt. Jacob Myers, was accidentally burnt to the water's edge. Thus has an industrious and deserving man been deprived of the benefits of his labour for several years.

—*Philad. paper.*

Found on Thursday morning, drowned in the East River, at Whitehall-slip, Peter Le Roy, aged about 28. He had in his pocket a *Pass*, dated May 29, from the commandant at Fort Greene.

On Tuesday afternoon a daughter of Mr. James Van Ranst, about eight years of age, while fishing, fell into the water at Corlaer's-Hook, and was drowned.

## Nuptial.

#### MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. M'Leod, Mr. Peter Jones, of Albany, to Miss Margaret Otterson, daughter of Mr. Andrew Otterson, of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Cooper, Daniel Mirick-house, to Mrs. Ann Siers.

By the rev. Mr. Brady, Mr. G. Hazleton to Mrs. Mary Smith.

By the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. Alfred Wallis, of London, to Miss Ann Stephens, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Perine, Mr. John B. Schmelzel, to Miss Jane Ostheim, all of this city.

By the rev. John Stanford, Mr. Standish Barry, Jun. of Baltimore, to Miss Matilda Pearce, of said city.

*A cold match.* In Northampton county, Va. Mr. Joshua Turner, aged eighty-one to Mrs. Margaret Turner, aged seventy-nine!

The following extempore, written on the delivery of Mrs. BLISS, of three fine children at one birth, is from the *Columbian* of this city.

'Twas BLISS, indeed, when first he wed,  
A maid so fair as thee;  
But yet more *Bliss*-ful was this maid,  
In bringing *Blisses* three.

Then may thy hours still *blissful* be,  
Thrice happier e'en than this,  
Thy BLISS desiring none but thee,  
Thou tasting nought but BLISS.

#### ANOTHER.

She gain'd his hand, it gave her BLISS,  
The blissful minutes roll'd,  
Till fate, in blissful hour like this,  
Increas'd her BLISS *three-fold*.

May each connubial pair thus live,  
From all contention free;  
Each proof of tenderness they give,  
Be thus repaid by *three*.

## Obituary.

#### DIED,

*In this city, from the 27th of May, to the 3d of June.*

Wm. Ash, aged 67; George Grant; Margaret Bokee, aged 39; Abraham Simmons, engraver, aged 35; Gertrude Hardenbrook, wife of Wm. Hardenbrook, aged 82; a man unknown, aged 30 or 40; Ann White, aged 50; Danl. Earle, aged 29; Wm. Smith, 23; Nancy Margaret, 50; Philip Dulue, aged 60; John Dempsey, aged 42; John Galloway, aged 52; Lydia Brown, aged 19; John M'Fall, aged 54; Wm. Taylor, aged 63; Lucy Baker, aged 43; Mary Mina, aged 24; Adrian B. Kill, aged 32; Jane Norman, aged

52; Nathan Crary, 69; Samuel Stewart, aged 30 or 40; Jude Holmes, aged 46; Danl. Buckley, aged 32; Harriet Grant, aged 21; Elizabeth Ward, aged 27; Joseph L. Lewis, aged 42; Henry Ludlum, aged 38; Elizabeth Curraim, aged 43; Hannah Wheaton, aged 31; Jeremiah Barnet, aged 56; Mary Stutchoff, aged 40; James Kid, aged 30; James Farrington, aged 55; and 11 boys and 8 girls.

Of a lingering illness, in the 30th year of his age, Mr. James Halliday.

On board the British brig *Cæsar*, on her voyage from Liverpool to this port, Matthew Morehouse, of Wooldale, Eng.

At Philadelphia, Thos. W. Francis, Esq. aged 48.

At New Brunswick, the Hon. Robert Morris, aged 71, District Judge for the N. Jersey District. He was the first Chief Justice appointed in N. Jersey, after the declaration of Independence, which place he held through the perils of the revolutionary war. Upon his resignation of that office, he returned to the bar, and became eminent in his profession. In 1790, President Washington selected him for the Federal Judicature of that state, which appointment he held till the time of his death. As a counsellor and advocate, he was intelligent and impressive; as a Judge, able, upright, and independent; and as a man, formed on all occasions the dictates of an honest heart, and of a sound and enlightened judgment.

At Schenectady, Mr. Walter Buchanan formerly a respectable merchant of this city.

In Vienna, the Prince of Aremberg, by the fall from an ungovernable horse. His sister is the wife of the celebrated Prince Schwartzenberg, who commanded the allied army the last brilliant campaign. His father lost an eye by a gun-shot when hunting. His mother was guillotined at Paris, and his sister perished in the fire in the house of Prince Schwartzenberg, in Paris.

In Germany, the celebrated Prince of Saxe Coburg, aged 77.

## BLACK PINS FOR MOURNING.

To be had Wholesale and Retail of

A. & F. OGSEBURY,

NO. 77 WILLIAM-STREET.

May 20

## THE MUSEUM,

Is published every Saturday, as usual, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, or fifty-two numbers, by JAMES ORAM, No. 102 Water-Street, a little below the Coffee-House, New-York. City Subscribers to pay one half, and country subscribers the whole, in advance.

## Piano Fortes.

THOMAS WESTERN & SON,

Manufacture the Improved Patent, Upright, Grand and Square Piano Forte, at No. 104 Water-street, a few doors south west of the Tontine Coffee-House.

They respectfully solicit the attention of their friends and the public, to favour the establishment with their commands. No exertion will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to their employers. They have on hand and are constantly finishing Piano Fortes in a handsome style. Being made from the best materials and workmanship, they are warranted to be of the first quality. They keep those that remain in this city, one year in tune. They will also attend to harmonize, tune, and repair Organs and Piano Fortes, in the most correct and perfect manner, on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

A Second Hand Piano Forte and Bartel Organ for sale cheap

## GENUINE

FRENCH-CREEK

SENECA OIL.

*An excellent and approved medicine.*

**F**OR the benefit of our fellow-men, it is made known, that it may be used as an excellent remedy in the following Diseases and Cases, viz.

If every morning fasting, about a tea spoonful is taken inwardly, it is an excellent remedy against the Consumption, provided it is not of an old standing, and proper diet is observed at the same time. If it is taken now and then, it strengthens the stomach and breast, causes an easy respiration, and strengthens, in general, the whole body, and preserves health, causing a good appetite to eat.

If this Spring Oil is applied outwardly, it becomes in particular a very fine remedy against Rheumatism, and pain in the limbs, in Sprains, Dislocations, various kinds of Swellings, and the like; in those cases it must be well rubbed into the parts affected before the fire. The Indians are accustomed, in violent Head-Aches, to anoint their temples with it, that they may find relief. Upon the whole, this Oil is of so great esteem among the Indians in those parts, that they use it in all disorders above mentioned.

Sold by

HULL & BOWNE,

DRUGGISTS,

May 13, (3m)

No. 146 Pearl-street.